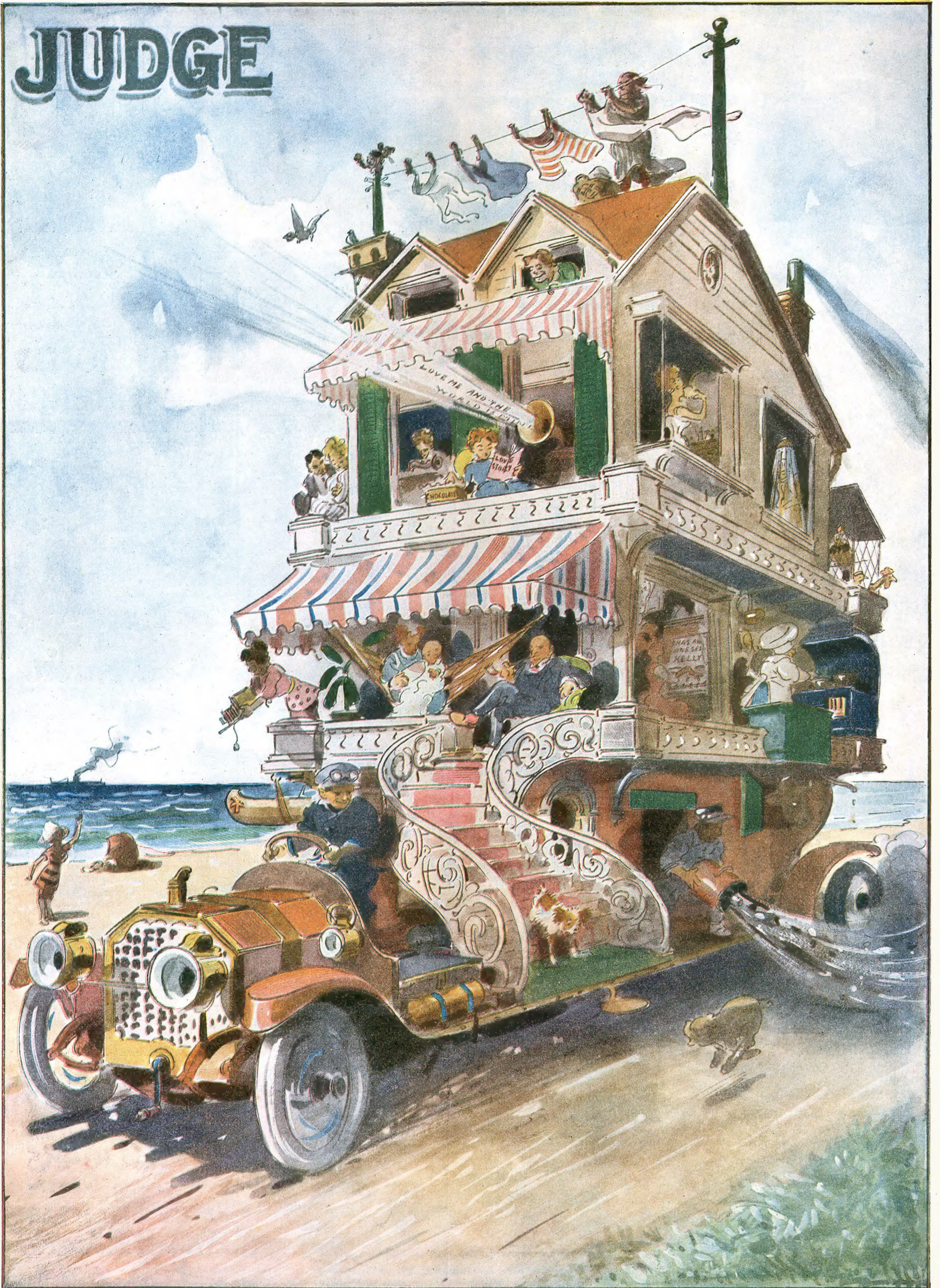


JUDGE



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME WHILE MOTORING.



"INDIAN" MEYERS. OF THE NEW YORK NATIONALS.

I IS FOR "Indian" Meyers.
As "the big chief" he's known to the boys;
And when he steps up to the plate, sirs,
They near raise the roof with their noise.
He's built like a second Jim Jeffries,
And wallops the ball with a will;
He sometimes "falls down" on a curved ball,
But straight ones he's sure to "kill."

Puss Cafay.

A miner in a Western mining camp decided to open a saloon and restaurant. He wanted a high-toned name. So he called a conference of friends and well-wishers. They deliberated for a long time.

Finally, when the name was decided upon, it was painted on a box cover and nailed up over the front door.

The sign read: "Puss Cafay."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

The First Thousand.

"It's the first thousand dollars that's hard to get."

"That's right," assented the owner of the garage. "After you separate 'em from that, they'll loosen to any extent."—*Washington Herald*.

A Fish Story.

Little fish—"What are your summer plans?"

Big fish—"I shall get away as usual."—*New York Sun*.

A Contingency.

"Are the running expenses of an automobile very much?"

"That depends on whether the bicycle cop catches you."—*Baltimore American*.

She Tamed the Tamer.

Said a lion tamer's wife,
As bold as bold could be,
"My husband tames lions,
But he can't tame me!"

—*Birmingham Age-Hera*.

Little or Nothing.

Nothing is more ridiculous than a ten-dollar hat on a two-dollar man.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Chances for Judge Readers.

EVERY reader of JUDGE should note the bargains in its advertising announcements, and when he answers an advertisement he will do us a favor if he will always mention JUDGE. Note a few suggestions in this issue:

A beautifully illustrated booklet of the heart of the Thousand Islands. Send two two-cent stamps to O. G. Staples, proprietor, Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay, New York.

It is said that ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. Get a trial package free. Send postal to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

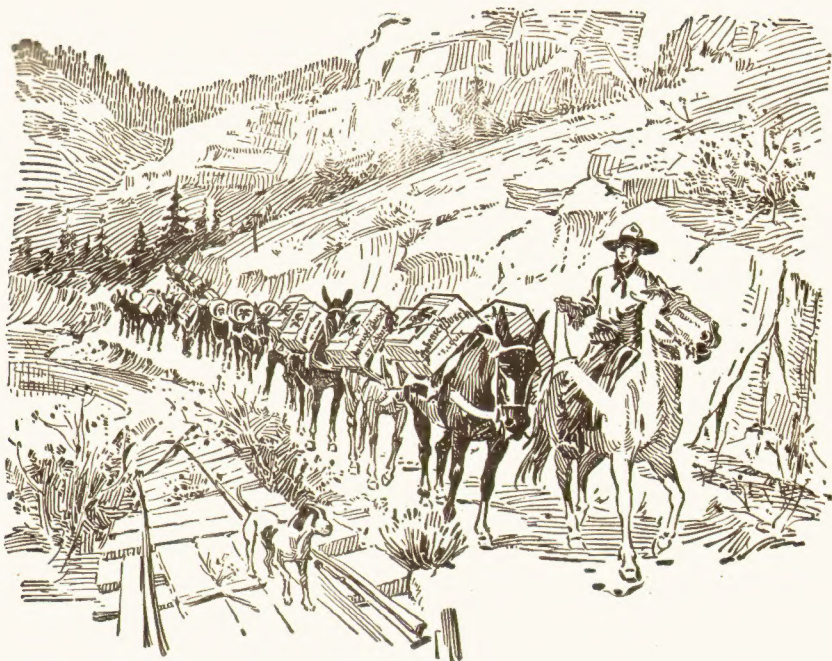
Would you like to see how a wig would look on you? Have one sent on approval. Catalog free. Address Lombard Bambina Co., 113 Monroe Street, Lynn, Mass.

Inexpensive home treatment for varicose veins, swollen limbs. Send stamp for particulars, to W. F. Young, P. D. F., 9 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

Free book on patents. Send postal to Greeley & McIntire, patent attorneys, Washington, D. C., and mention JUDGE.

While you are away from home drink White Rock Water and escape many summer complaints.

Try sliced oranges with an appetizing dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Budweiser

"Everywhere"

in every country—in every clime—
North, South, East, West—on land or
sea. Wherever you go, you'll find
Budweiser and always the same in
quality, taste and flavor—that's why
its sales exceed all other bottled beers.

Bottled only at the

Anheuser-Busch Brewery

ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

GRATIS

Beautiful drawing by Penrhyn Stanlaws sent without charge with every order for our new illustrated catalogue.

By James Montgomery Flagg.



Copyright, 1909, by Judge Co.

THE HYPNOTIST:

"As you both believe you can't live without each other."

Photogravure in sepia 15x18
One dollar

An acceptable engagement gift to the large army of hypnotized young men and women. :: :: ::

Send ten cents for complete catalogue of prints. :: :: ::

Leslie-Judge Company

225 Fifth Avenue
New York

Trade supplied by the W. R. Anderson Co., 32 Union Square, New York



Each in itself
an attainment.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten
AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size 35c

"The Little Brown Box"

Philip Morris Cigarettes

ORIGINAL
LONDON

Pears'

Economy is a watchword of the thrifty.

That's one reason so many prosperous people use Pears' Soap. *There's no waste about it.* It wears out, of course.

On sale everywhere.

PATENTS PRODUCE FORTUNES

Prizes for patents. Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions needed." "Why some inventors fail." All sent free. Special list of possible buyers to our clients. Send rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records. Local representatives in 300 cities and towns. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly Acting Commissioner of Patents and as such had full charge of the U. S. Patent Office. GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

1,000 Island House

Alexandria Bay
Jefferson County New York
IN THE HEART OF THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS

In the most enchanting spot in all America, where nature's charms are rarest, all the delights of modern civilization are added in the 1,000 Island House. No hotel of the Metropolis provides greater living facilities or such luxurious comfort—real home comfort—as does this palatial summer retreat. An amusement every hour, or quiet complete rest is the choice of every guest. All Drinking Water used in the house is filtered. Send two 2-cent stamps for Illustrated Booklet.

O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor
E. S. CLARK HARRY PEARSON
Manager Chief Clerk

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

Simple newly-discovered rules of diet and care of the face will remove the cause. In four days you will look in the glass and be overjoyed. These rules sent on receipt of \$1.00. ADDRESS P. O. BOX 112, DEPT. A, CHICAGO, ILL.

JUDGE

Choosing One's Pajamas.

TO GOVERN your mood to-morrow, say the wise ones, select the right shade in pajamas to-night. If you have an eruptive disposition, don't wear creations of a passionate red; they cause greater infurcation. Select a dainty baby blue. Your atmosphere will become more serene and you will welcome the sun in the morning with the joy of a child. But if you are of a very timid, retiring disposition, you will do well to choose a fiery red, for throughout the night you will imbibe courageous vibrations from the fiber of your pajamas.

Green does not seem to meet with favor, save with very robust individuals, more delicate persons declaring that it develops insomnia. On the other hand, for a genuine and lasting mental stimulant no pajamas are so effectual as violet or purple. These colors renovate and recharge the intellectual atmosphere, enabling one to do prodigious feats of reasoning. Yellow often causes illness, and white is soothing to the tired nerves. For a gentle state of melancholy, however, a shade of gray in which blue is evident is said to be most satisfying. This

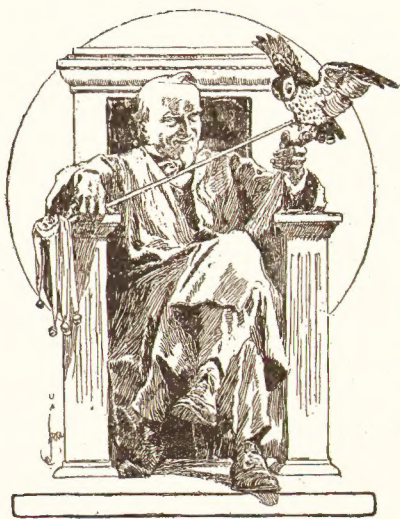
shade is recommended to all who are overstimulated or who have indulged themselves in any way.

When one has learned the vital, philosophic results attendant upon the selection and purchase of pajamas, the idea of delegating this important duty to one's valet or ordering by telephone becomes out of the question. Every gentleman must choose his own pajamas.

A LOT of lighter-than-air stuff is being written about heavier-than-air craft.



THE CALL OF THE DEEP.



JUDGE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

BRUNSWICK BUILDING, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CABLE ADDRESS, "JUDGARK." TEL. 6632 MADISON SQUARE.

John A. Sleicher, President.

Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.

James Melvin Lee, Managing Editor.

Grant E. Hamilton, Art Editor.

Judge's Advice to Those About To Marry.



JUDGE, as a rule, does not take very seriously the advice given to "My Girls" by the writers in publications devoted to women and their interests. The best advice on troubles of the household or heart will be found in "His Honor's" Women's Department, in which Mr. Hik Hok, the famous editor of the *Perfect Ladies' Companion*, gives advice or comfort, as individual cases may demand.

But, speaking most seriously, JUDGE has been impressed by the large number of inquiries in papers for women asking for advice in the choice of a husband. There seemed to be a sincere desire on the part of the young women to know, beyond the permissibility of doubt, that no sins of the father should be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. This

is too serious a matter for any kind of a jest, and JUDGE takes the matter up simply because of the failure of the women's publications to give any practical advice.

To such young women "His Honor" would say that the young man who can show his sweetheart a life-insurance policy in one of the reliable, old-line insurance companies offers to such a young woman the best bill of his health that she can hope to see. To the famous reply of *Punch* to those about to marry, "Don't!" JUDGE would add the amendment, "Unless the groom has an insurance policy in a reliable company."

"His Honor" lays special emphasis upon the character of the insurance company, because so many of the cheap assessment associations and fraternal societies take all sorts of risks. Often their medical examinations of applicants are nothing but farces. Such, however, is not the case with the old, reliable insurance companies.

The opinion of local pastors about any young man is not to be despised. A brother can often give his sister excellent advice about the character of other young men in the neighborhood. Such of the publications for women as have made similar recommendations to young women JUDGE does not desire to criticise. "His Honor" encroaches upon their field simply because, while hitting the target, they have not hit the bull's-eye. Whomever else a young man may fool, he does not fool the medical examiner of a good insurance company.

In conclusion, JUDGE might say that a young man ought to think enough of his bride and the home-that-is-to-be to see that the same is safeguarded. There is no better present that a groom could give a bride than an insurance policy written in her favor. But that is another story. JUDGE is not an insurance journal.

Pen-Points.

A DANISH poet was sent home by our immigration authorities the other day, because he had only twenty-four dollars in his pocket. How times have changed since Hendrik Hudson landed here and got a quitclaim deed to Manhattan Island for that precise amount!



For the high cost of living get the quotations at Reno for the early part of July.

It is said that when the German air fleet



RE-NO.

is ready, the Kaiser is going to appoint himself high admiral of the air. Perhaps we shall then have a real clew as to the identity of the man higher up.

The man who wrote that "Woman is by nature a smuggler," and had his observation printed so as to read "smuggler" for "smug-gler," didn't have much to take back.

It is strange, but the man with money to burn is the man with cold cash.

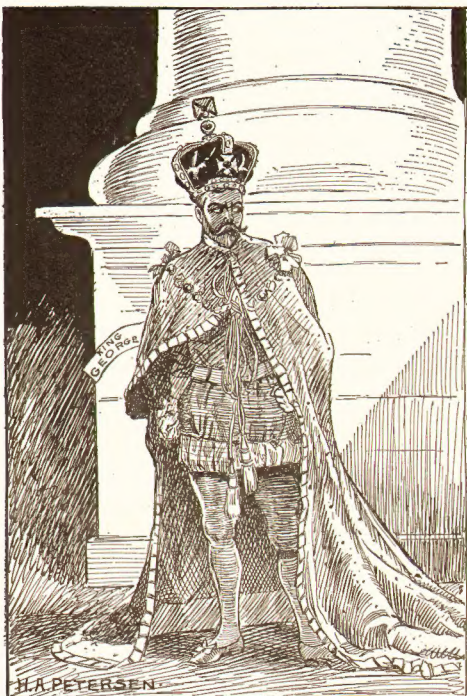
Epigrams.

"AN EPIGRAM should be, if right, Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright.

A lively little thing Like wasp with taper body found By lines, not many, neat and bound, All ending in a sting."



The above definition, taken from the Latin, is rather a long one for such a short thing as an epigram. It is, however, the best one that has yet appeared. The epigram has reached its highest development in America, where it seems to fit with the strenuous life of the times. It has routed and put to flight the long, dry-as-dust editorial. Epigrams have played an important part in campaign literature. One of the best checks upon vulgarity, impudence, and vanity is the newspaper epigram. The epigram may be said to be the leaven of humor that leaveneth the whole lump.



"LET GEORGE (V.) DO IT"—AND HE DID.

(Day Rates)

CHEER UP!

THE FELLOW THAT NEVER SLIPS

Must be a pretty rough customer:

DWIG

he's getting tired of the one he has, anyway. Write and tell us how you like it. We are so busy now that I may not get to run down and see you for several weeks. Love and best wishes.

FATHER.

FATHER.

Apt.

“The *Umbrella*.”

"Why?"

"Because everybody will take it."

THE EDITOR who gave up his seat to a lady on the train said he "was crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

Polly—"I wonder how Cholly manages to keep that wide-brimmed straw on in a wind like this!"

Dolly—“Vacuum pressure.”

Bronx—"Profess-
or Aleck has issued
a very interesting
bulletin on how to keep bees."

Lenox—"Well, I think he'd do a lot more good if he told us how to get rid of hives."

Ethyl—"I am sorry you were not asked to the Pemberton ball, dear. You know I will be there, of course."

Claire—"Yes; but, then, Kate Pemberton knows I am far too young to be of any use as a chaperon."

By ELLIS O. JONES.

TO MAKE a man without goods
look upon stealing in the same
light as the man with goods.

To make employers and employes agree as to what constitutes a fair

wage.

To make the poor follow the example of the rich in being contented with their lot.



"Well, Brown, have any luck on your hunting trip?"

"No, wretched; didn't kill a thing. Wish I'd gone motoring instead."

To make a slave think as much of his master as the master thinks of himself.

To separate a man from his ego and thus make unselfishness the ruling motive.

To make philanthropy keep pace with graft.

HE LOVES to rise at early dawn,
When others love to lie.
This is the finest time for him,
Because he is a fly.

Ted—"I could never understand why women objected so much to taking off their hats."

Ned—"It's so hard to put them on straight again."

Knicker—"Are you swept by ocean breezes?"

Bocker—"Yes, and dusted by land ones."

HE TELLS the girl that they must part,
While sorrow fills his cup.
Poor fool! he thinks it breaks her heart
When his two weeks are up!



ON JUNGLEVILLE FERRY.

Ferryman—"I won't listen to any more argument. Fork up the five dollars fare or down goes the ferry!"



AN EVIDENCE OF CIVILIZATION.

A returning missionary reports the spreading of Odd Fellowship in the South Sea Islands. Wonderfully far-reaching is the power of civilization.

The Yearly Feminine Eternal.

By HOMER CROY.

CHAPTER I.

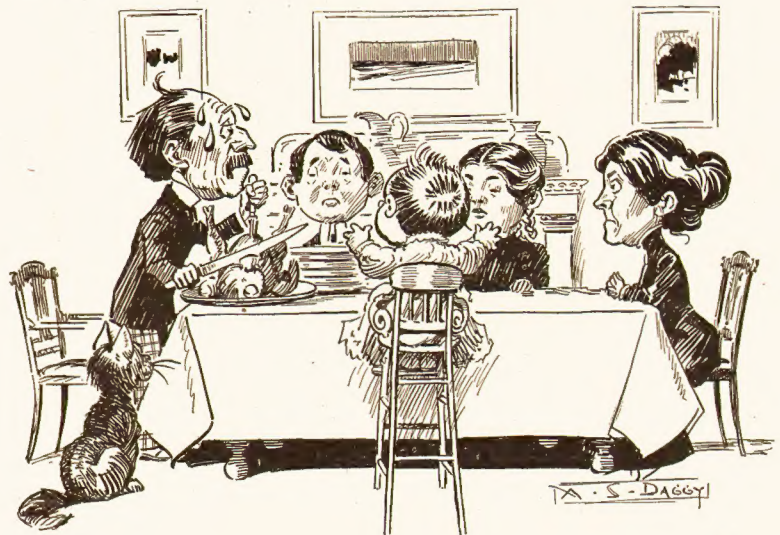
MRS. ROBERT WILDER came softly around her husband's chair and laid her hand on his brow.

"Don't you feel well this evening, dear?" she asked solicitously.

"Never better, dearest. Why?"

ing a long one together. How does that strike you, girlie?"

But it didn't strike Mrs. Wilder favorably at all. She explained delicately but firmly that she had set her mind on a seashore outing this summer and that it would break her heart not to get to go. "I've told every-



NOT USED SOON ENOUGH.

Pater—"My dear, how appropriate this turkey would have been for Labor Day."

Mrs. Wilder colored slightly and cleared her throat. "Oh, I just thought maybe you didn't; but I am glad to hear that you do. Oh, by the way, dear, have you thought any more about going to the seashore with me this summer?"

Mr. Wilder lowered his paper and glanced over its top. "You know, darling, it will be next to impossible for me to get away this year. My business is in such a condition that I should not be away from it an hour more than I can help. Next year we will make up for it by tak-

body that we were going, Robert, and made all my plans. I haven't had anything else on my mind for half a month. Can't you make a little sacrifice and go with me, Robert?"

CHAPTER II.

Robert Wilder finally gave in, agreeing to make the sacrifice. It took him two weeks to get his business in shape, working noons and evenings. Sometimes he thought he could not possibly be able to get things straightened out so that he could leave them, but finally everything was arranged.

After giving his final instructions at the office, he came home one evening and dropped wearily into a chair. "Everything is all right now, dearest," he said. "I didn't think I could make it for a while, but now everything is all settled."

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Wilder came around and sat down on the arm of Mr. Wilder's chair and gently smoothed his hair. "I've been thinking it over to-day," she began, "and I have decided not to go this summer, after all. It's so much trouble and worry that it's best to let things drop. But if you are not feeling too tired, dearest, I would like to go to the theater to-night. Don't you want me to read over some of those show reviews?"

CHAPTER IV.

He did not.

Household Hints.

By GERTRUDE MCKENZIE.

(To remove the scraping of cake batter from the bowl an ordinary calling card is better than a spoon.—Home Journal and Companion.)

HOW strangely familiar these "Household Hints" sound!

I think in my etiquette book I have found

Advice quite like this for the women who wish

To scrape an acquaintance instead of a dish.

To scrape an acquaintance is not very hard

When once Mrs. Pursely has sent you her card;

But calling cards are most essential, we know,

To scrape an acquaintance with one who has "dough."

FOOT NOTE.

PLEASE wipe your shoes.

ONLY ONE EXCEPTION.

Prosperous publisher—"Do you write before or after eating?"

Poet (faintly)—"Always before, unless I have something to eat."



JUDGE

Bantam—Prince of Barnyard.

Founded upon a play by Shakespeare and done into feathers by Harvey Peake.

(The success of "Chantecler" will give a barnyard flavor to our best dramas for several seasons to come.—Press.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dominiker King of the coop.
 Bantam { Prince of Barnyard from
 a former setting of eggs
 by the present queen.
 Shanghai Lord Chamberlain.
 Plymouth Rock... A friend of Bantam.
 Wyandotte Son of Shanghai.
 Two Cocks Gravediggers.
 Ghost of Bantam's father.
 Minorca { Queen of the coop and
 Bantam's mother.
 Buff Cochin..... Daughter of Shanghai.
 Ducks, Geese, Peacocks, Peahens,
 Guinea Fowls, Turkeys, etc.

Place—A chicken coop and its environs.

ACT I.

A platform before the coop at midnight. Bantam and Plymouth Rock are peering fearfully into the darkness, as if expecting a visit from the Black Hand.

BANTAM—"Tis now the witching hour of night, when graveyards yawn and coons molest our roosts. Say, now, 'tis but my fancy, Plymouth Rock, but methinks I see approach, as 'tis said to have approached last night, the ghost of my ill-fated father, who mysteriously disappeared this day a week ago.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—"Tis so, it makes strange signs. It would be spoken to. Question it, Bantam.

BANTAM—And I will, though it give me the pip. (Advancing.) What art thou that

usurp this time of night together with that fair and spotless form to which my former father did sometime march? By thy resemblance to old King Minorca, I charge thee speak and tell thy wrongs.

GHOST—Cock-a-doo-dle-doo.

BANTAM—Thou hast spoken. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST—Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.

BANTAM—Crow out! I am bound to hear.

GHOST—I am thy father's spirit, doomed for a certain time to walk the night; but even sewn down tight upon a hat, I can a tale unfold that would cause old Shanghai, who betrayed me to that milliner, to fall off his perch with envy.



ENGLISH AS IT IS RURALIZED.

"Hello, uncle; how are you?"
 "Oh, fair to middlin'."
 "How 's the wife?"
 "She 's tollable."
 "Frank is well. I suppose?"
 "Yes; he 's so-so."

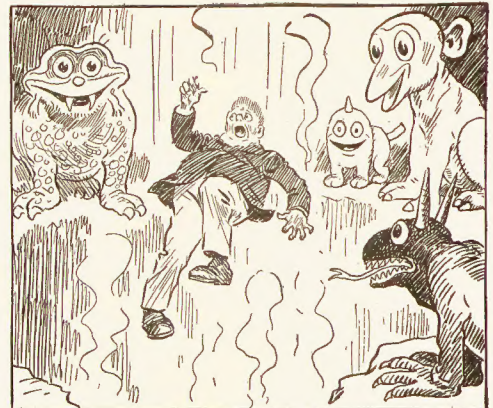
THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.



1. "I've had some purty strange adventures, but nothin' ever could touch this one. Oncet when I wuz on shore leave in Italy I climbed to the top of Mount Vesuvius. I wuz standin on the edge of the crater lookin' down inter the ter'ble gulf when —



2. — all of a sudden the earth crumbles beneath me, and I falls inter the gapin' hole. —



3. — Down I shoots till I comes to the fust stratum, which wuz inhabited by all kinds of strange subterranean animals and queer beasts. But I whirled right past them, inter —



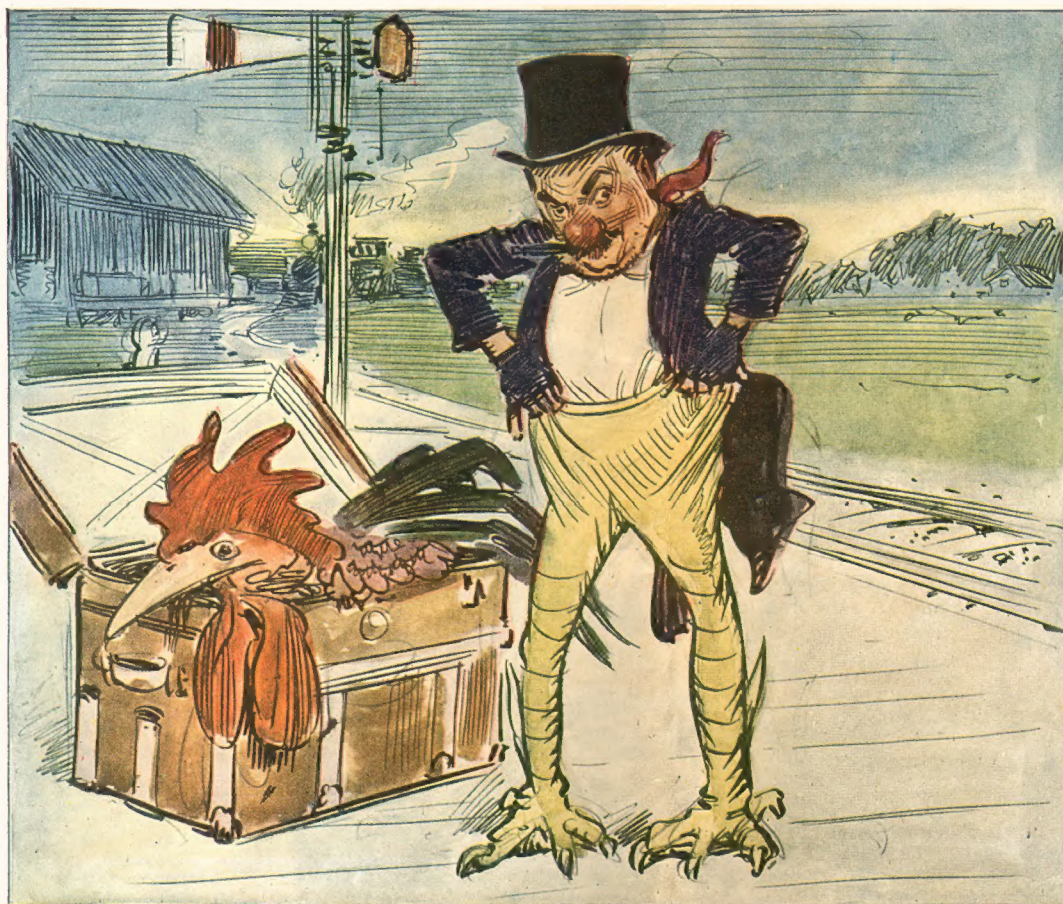
4. — a bottomless pit. It wuz chuck full of all sorts of critters swimmin' around in the boilin' water. I hit several when I struck, but I kept right on a-goin'. —



5. — So I keeps on a-droppin' through the hot water and steam till I wuz scalded. Next thing I pops through about five miles of cool water, then suddenly I shoots out inter fresh air and daylight! —



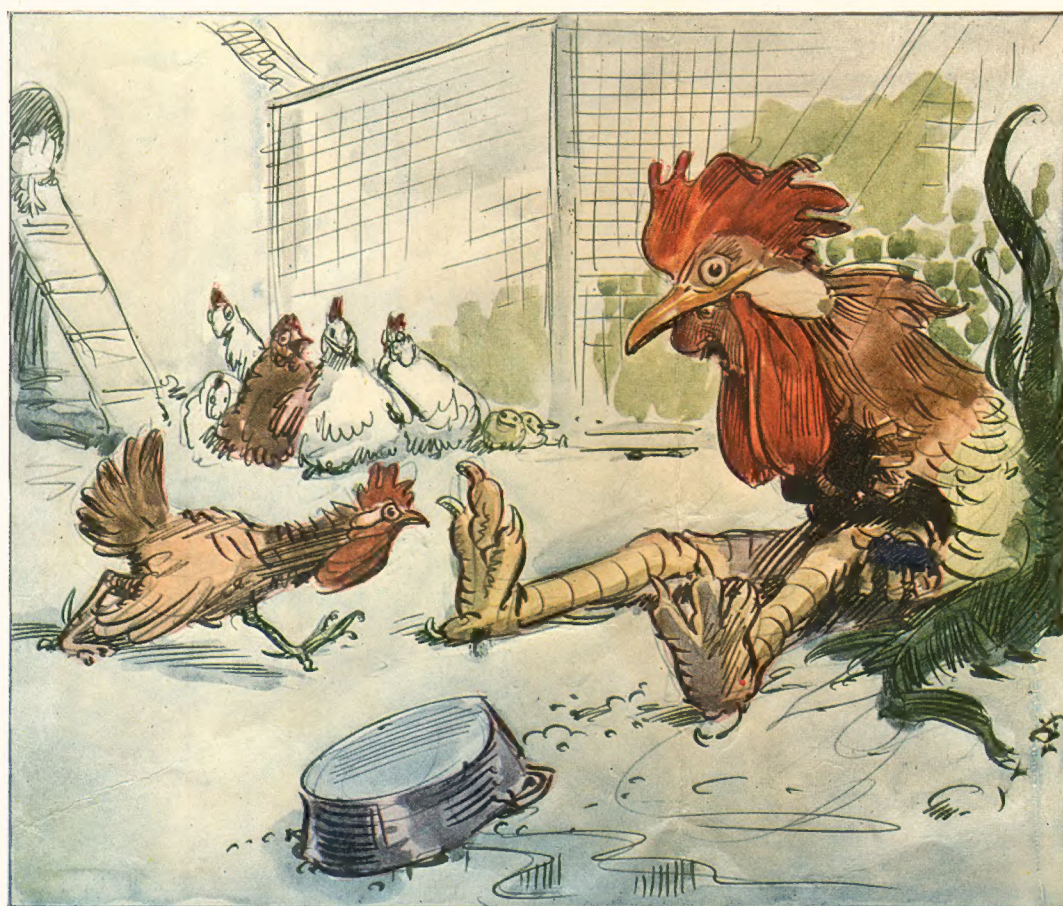
6. — I seems to shoot up in the air about a mile; then fust thing I knows I lands on the deck of a ship, and there before me is Captain Mizzen, of the good ship 'Pipedream!' Blame me if I didn't fall right through the earth and come out on the other side!"



Nervy Nat—"I wanted to play Chandelier ever since Roostand wrote it, and these Plymouth Rock pants fit me like a mint julep. I will board this milk train by the back stoop and startle some of those cinder-chewers. —"



— Bow-wow! gr-r—excuse me, I mean to scare him? Do you know, really, I don't know what's coming at me. The brutal nerve of



— Go on, I don't want to fight—you're only a bantam weight, anyway? Wish those old hens would quit egging you on. At least you might wait till we arrange for the moving pictures. —



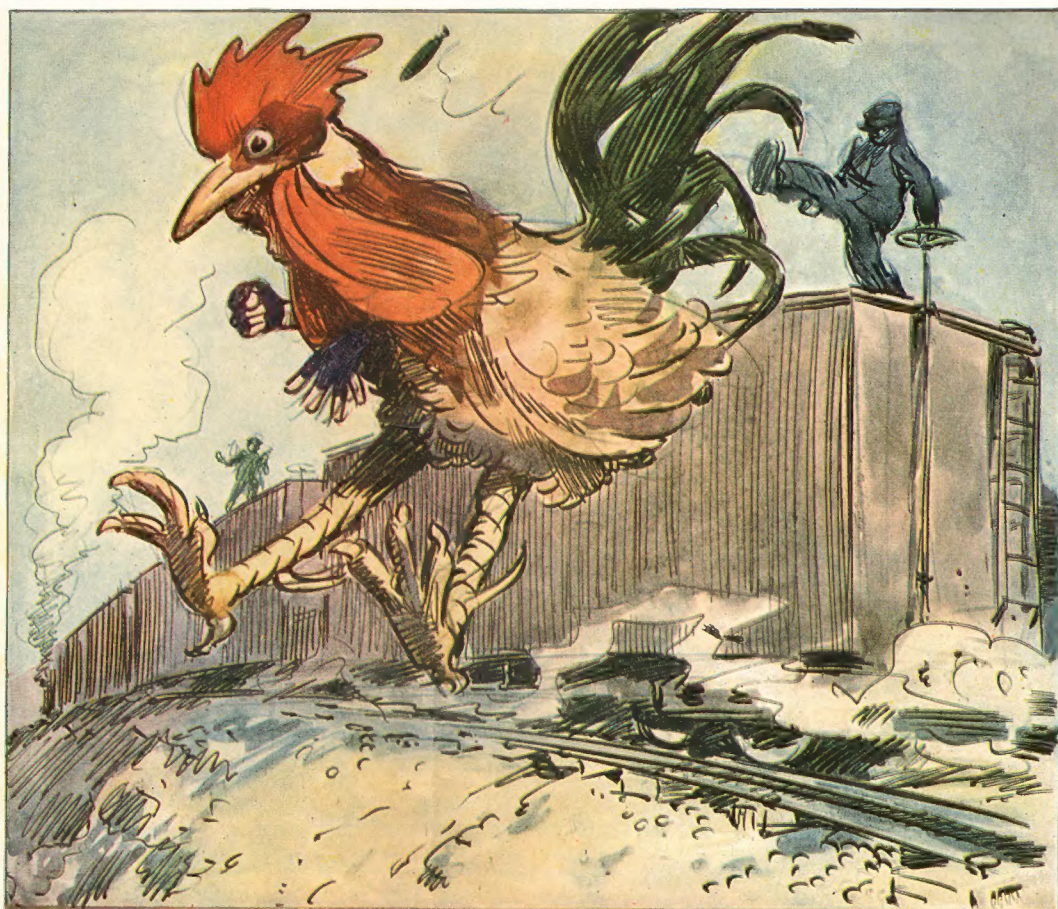
— TIME! I've only had this sensational complimentary mood, I told a lady, she was

JUDGE

"CHANTECLER."



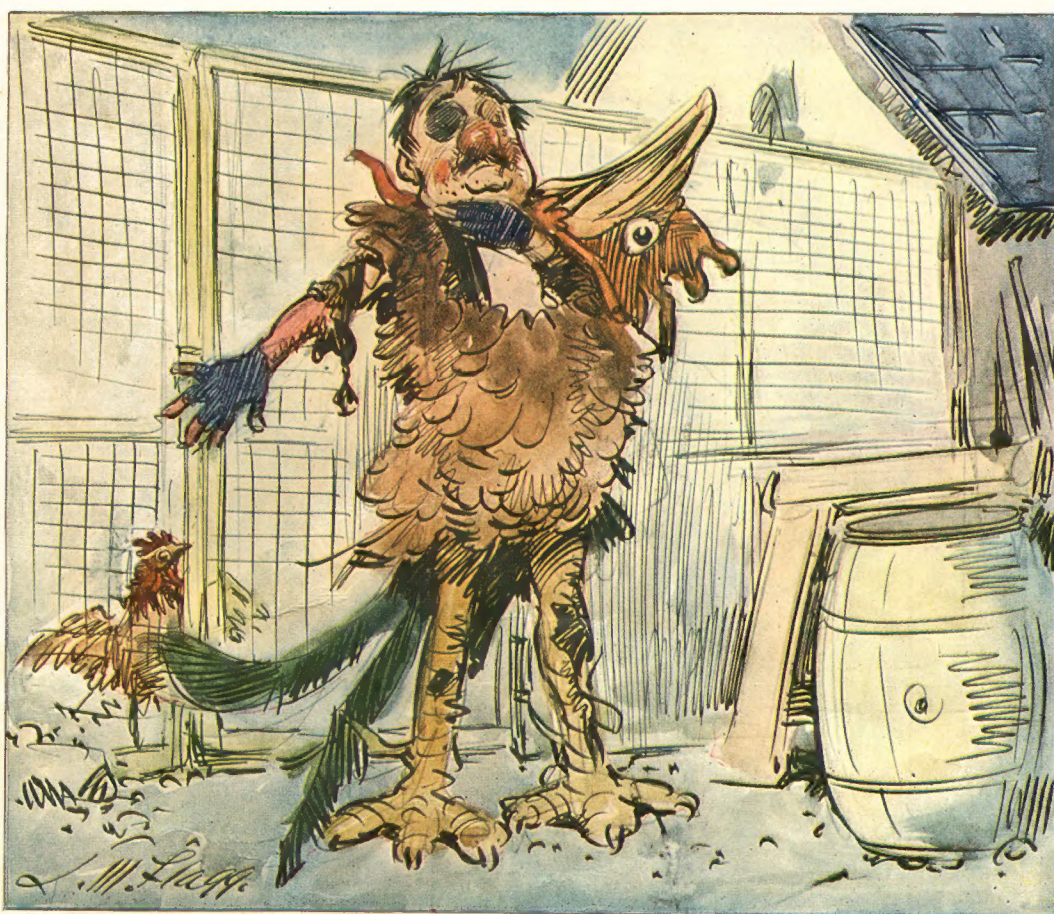
in 'cockadoodle uh!' Wonder if that will believe I'm alarming him at all. He's still the lower classes is astounding.—



— Perhaps all is for the best. A long ride on a train tires me, anyway. Holy ham and sacred omelets! I'm going to land in an eggatorium as sure as I'm a bi-plane. Will you kindly observe that little bantam down there sharpening his spurs on a nail file and making awful faces at me.—



ion once before—that was when, in a com—as remarkably well preserved! —



— Crow, thou red-headed barnyard thug! But hark, foul fowl, I sup, breakfast, and lunch, from now on till the next comet, on c-h-i-c-k-e-n in the hope of one day having you before me on a platter. Then will I Fletcherize thy drumsticks!"

JUDGE

BANTAM—Oh, Chantecler!

GHOST—Revenge, oh, Bantam, this foul and most unnatural murder!

BANTAM—Murder!

GHOST—Yes murder most fowl! For old Shanghai realizes that Chantecler hats demand as many fowls as can be procured. Revenge me and the others he would betray!

BANTAM—It shall be done! I swear it!

GHOST—Swear!

BANTAM AND PLYMOUTH ROCK—D——!

ACT II.

A room in the coop. Bantam enters alone and takes a place upon his perch.

BANTAM—To keep my oath or not to keep my oath; that is the question. Whether



A QUESTION.

Jones—"Is life worth living?"

Jinks—"It's surely a luxury at present prices."

'tis nobler to avenge my father's death or yield to the vanity of decorating a pretty woman's hat myself. To die, to sleep, and by doing this to reach the goal of my ambitious pride; 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep; perchance to dream of the adoration that awaits me. For in that sleep of death may come a thousand worshipping women round me, with folded, reverent hands and envious eyes, showing the respect that makes a joy of such a death. For who would bear the housewives' "Shoo!" the farmers' contumely, the pangs of flippant hens who will not lay, the insolence of poultry dealers, and the spurns of folks who plant garden seeds that they don't want dug up, when he might exalt himself into an idol of feminine adoration with a long hatpin, but that the dread of something after fashion has had its fling, the undiscovered country of the ash barrel, from whose bourne no traveler returns, puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of.

(Buff Cochon enters, bridling her feathers and cackling distressfully, followed by the King and Queen.)

KING—Mad, mad, mad! How long hath she been thus?

QUEEN—Since yester eve, after she had laid a small egg.

(Buff Cochon drops brooding to the floor, clucking and cackling dismally.)

KING—Follow her close, Bantam, give her good watch, and see that all eggs are kept from her, for she's too young to set.

QUEEN—But if she persist, see that only doorknobs are allowed her; for why should she waste good eggs when they bring forty-five cents in the open market?

ACT III.

The garden bed behind the coop. Two cocks are digging a grave and eating the seed and worms that come to the surface.

FIRST COCK—Is she to be buried in Christian burial that deliberately sets on a collection of cobblestones and doorknobs until she starves herself to death and thus seeks her own salvation?

SECOND COCK—I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her grave straight.

FIRST COCK—How can that be, unless she starved herself in self-defense?

SECOND COCK—Well, the coroner hath sat on her after she sat on the knobs, but not so long or arduously—and he found it so.

(Enter Bantam, who picks up a wishbone and gazes upon it.)

BANTAM—Alas, poor Spec-kle! I knew her well—a woman of infinite clucks and most excellent eggs. She hath thrown dust into my eyes a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination is her final end at the dining table! My crop rises at it!

(Enter the funeral cortege of Buff Cochon, including the King and Shanghai, who hide behind a flower pot.)

BANTAM—What shadows fall athwart



"THERE'S THE RUB."

The wife—"Three o'clock and he's not home yet. If I was sure he wouldn't be glad, I'd go home to mother!"

my path? Methinks I smell a conspiracy.

WYANDOTTE *(running from his sister's bier)*—What's done by this mad cock? My father slain! *(Draws upon Bantam.)* The devil take thy soul and the milliner thy body! *(Stabs him with a hatpin.)*

BANTAM—And now I have revenged my father's death and reached my own ambition, too. Shanghai, who murdered the old man for gain, shall take a dose of his own medicine and disgrace a hat at four dollars and ninety-eight cents; Buff Cochon, adorned by a velvet bow where the feathers are worn off her breast, will find a ready sale at nine dollars and nineteen cents; while I will surely find myself upon one at no less than twenty-five dollars. *(Dies.)*



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Chinatown visitor—"John, sabee, see screen—how much sabee want for him?"

The Chinaman—"What's the matter with you? Can't you speak English?"

An Alphabet of Summer.

By HARVEY PEAKE.

Aviators achieving astonishing aeronautics,
Bathing beaches beguiling blandly,
Coney's citizens characteristically cacophonous,
Distinguished divines developing debility,
Eminent embezzlers embarking Europeward,
Fluffy females fanning flirtingly,
Gastronomic gentlemen guzzling greedily,
Hammocks harboring hugging humans,
Icemen issuing infinitesimal ingots,
Jailbound joyriders jovially jesting,
Kegged Kaiserbrew keeping kool,
Languorous lovers lingering longingly,
Moonlight motorists moving madly,
Native nabobs nabbing nobility,
Open-air orchestras offering overtures,
Portly pedestrians perspiring profusely,
Quaffing quibblers qualmishly quarrelsome,
Roof revues running racily,
Saccharine sodas soothing satisfactorily,
Tired tourists tipping trustfully,
Urban urchins unpleasantly unpopular,
Valised vacationists viewing vacantly,
White way winking wantonly,
'Xcited 'xcursionists 'xhibiting X's,
Yankee yachtsmen yarnning yellowly,
Zealous zymologists zigzagging zeroward.

Mrs. Benham—"I'm writing to mother."

Mr. Benham—"Don't forget to tell her that the railroad company has raised the passenger rate from her town to ours."



MAN VS. DOG.

"If the world was to be made over we'd make it our business to see that mere man was built to fit his station in life."



NEW USE FOR GOLD BRICKS.

"Toot Stubble was jest tellin' us over 'n the post-office about a wise-lookin' feller a-comin' up ter him daown in N' Yawk, an' tries ter sell a gold brick."

"'B' Jocks!" says Toot, "two hundred dollars looks cheap ter me fer a nice brick like that; but, say, where's the buildin'-lot what goes with it?"

"'What buildin'-lot?" says the feller.

"'Oh, you know," says Toot. "I understand they's a buildin'-lot gi'n away with all reel bricks this year, an' 'bein' they's a passel o' fellers up in our taown what has bought gold bricks, I was cal'latin' on us all takin' 'em an' buildin' a vol'n'teer fire-house on the ground what goes with this 'ere one."

"Toot says, 'Y' ought to seen that city feller run.'"

JUDGE

The Diary of a Joke.

By WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER.

I AM BORN. My creator chuckles, slaps himself on the knee, roars, and calls his wife.

Am read to the author's wife. She smiles, kisses him, and wants to know how much he thinks I will bring.

I start on a journey. Am read by an editor. He laughs and reads me to the office force.

My creator gets a check and more kisses from his wife.

I appear in print. Thousands read me and laugh over me. The editor gets many new subscribers.

Reader tells me on street and gets a cigar. Tells me again and is invited out to lunch.

Exchange copies me and also gets new subscribers.

Comedian cracks me on stage in vaudeville stunt and makes hit.

Politician uses me in stump speech, claiming I happened back in his boyhood, and gets elected.

Lecturer uses me on platform and gets return date.

Minister works me in sermon for illustration and gets call to other town with higher salary.

Am worked to death Everybodyeverywhere uses me, in season and out of season. I become a chestnut. A

new generation comes on and I am forgotten.

Fifty years pass by. I am resurrected from an attic. Am cut out and started on another journey. My destination is the office of JUDGE, in New York. "His Honor" puts me in "What Our Grandfathers Smiled Over."

Oh, dear me! Must I go through it all again?

Something Suspicious.

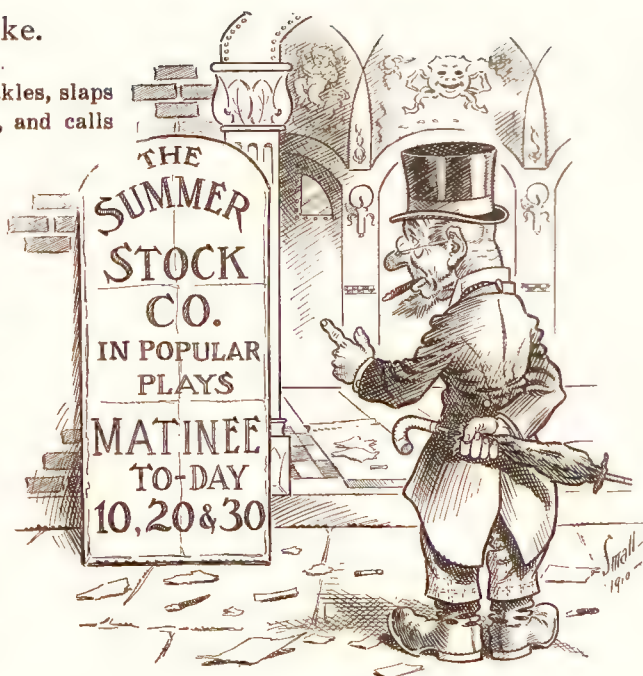
THEY found Van Horn leaning on a table in the dimly lighted corner of the rathskeller. Near him was a bottle of Scotch and a siphon, and the poor fellow looked as though he had lost his last friend.

"Come, cheer up!" exclaimed his companions, as they came up from behind and gave him a friendly slap on the back. "What in the deuce is the trouble with you, old man?"

"Very deepsh trouble!" said Van Horn thickly, as he compounded another highball.

"Well, let us in, old chap, and maybe we can straighten things out."

"Well, tellsh you. Made chumpsh of m-myself osher day; had m-my mustache shaven off. Looksh so differnt nobodsh recognished me 'tall."



ENOUGH OF THAT AT HOME.

Uncle Zeb—"I wuz jest thinkin' some o' takin' in th' matiknee, but bein' it's a stock comp'ny, I won't! Why, I jest come daown from th' farm t' git away from my stock, an' yew kin bet yer boots I don't want t' see no play acted by cows, hosses, pigs, an' poultry, an' sew on, b' gosh!"

"Oh, having your mustache shaven off isn't the worst thing in the world that could happen to you."

"Don't knowsh so much about that."

"Well, didn't your girl like the change in your appearance?"

"Thash why I'm all upset. Thish girl b-bushness. Goes around to see m-my girlsh few hours after had m-my mustache taken offsh, and she rushes out, threw her armsh around me, and saysh, 'Georgesh, yoush dear old honey-bugsh, yoush are ten minutes late!'"

"Rushes out, throws her arms around you and says, 'George, you old honey-bugs, you are ten minutes late!' Why, man, you should be tickled to death with such a reception as that! It shows she loves you very much."

But Van Horn shook his head sadly and mixed another highball.

"Doan show nuffin kindsh," he sighed lugubriously. "She said Georgesh, and yoush know m-my name's Will. Who'sh Georgesh?"



POPULARITY.

Customer—"Let me have a 'Johnson.'"

Dealer—"A 'Johnson'?"

Customer—"Yes; a dark wrapper."

The Belles.

By D. B. VAN BUREN.

HEAR the babble of the belles—
Idle belles!
What a world of spicy scandal their gos-
siping foretells!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
Through the livelong afternoon!
What they say is no great matter,
But your character they shatter
To the tinkle of the spoon;
Telling tales, tales, tales,
Before which Munchausen pales.
Such a flood of idle tattle 'tis spontane-
ously wells

From the belles,
From the whispering and the hinting of
the belles.

Hear the tattle of the belles—
Pretty belles!
What a handsome crop of libels their
gossiping foretells!
How they magnify the motes
On the optics of their friends,
While the eager ear attends
Every idle tale that floats
Round the town;
Building up their gay romances until
every soul they know
Is done brown.

Hear the buzzing of the belles—
Ancient belles!
How they revel in the trouble that their
gossiping foretells!
In their eager hunt for scalps
Changing molehills into Alps—
And they fib, fib, fib,
And the infant in its crib
Put to shame;
While Old Nick might stand aghast
At aspersions deftly cast
On your name.
Oh, the belles, belles, belles!
How the wordy torrent swells,
As they gabble and they babble and
they tattle o'er their tea!
Telling tales, tales, tales,
About every one you see;
While imagination fails
To distinguish where the facts come in
and where at truth they balk
In their talk—
With their tongues that fly like flails;
Till no living man but quails
At the mingled, mangled mess of truth
and falsehood in the tales
Of the belles,
In the gossip and the scandal of the
belles.

The Indian Sense of Humor.

John Adams, in the days of his presi-
dency, kept a diary. Occasionally it
contained a mirthful effusion. His In-
dian story is often quoted as one of the
best examples of sheer wit. It seems
that a certain landlord asked an Indian
more for rum in the spring than he did
in the fall. Naturally the Indian
wanted to know the reason.

Landlord—"It costs me as much to
keep a hoghead of rum over winter as
a horse."

Indian—"He won't eat so much hay.
Maybe he drink as much water."

A rod, a line, a pipe,
some tobacco and—



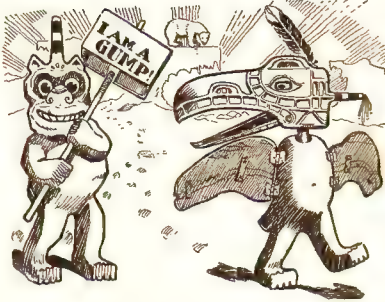
Could mortal ask
for greater joy?
Pull the cork and
see.

Leading dealers and places.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

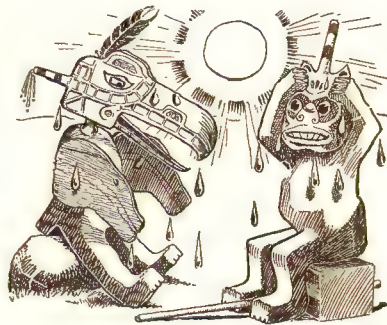


The Treacherous Gizzen and the Captive Gump.

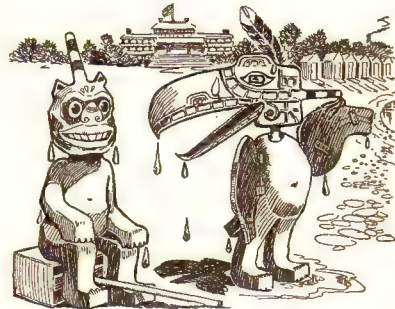
By ARTHUR T. CRICHTON.



FROM a far Alaskan village
Came a Gizzen and a Gump—
The Gizzen was a sly old bird;
The Gump he was a chump—
In fact,
A wooden-headed *"sumpf."



They journeyed to the Southland,
Where the sun is fiercely hot.
They sweat great tears of balsam
gum,
And thought they'd surely drop;
But, then,
The hot sand made them hop!



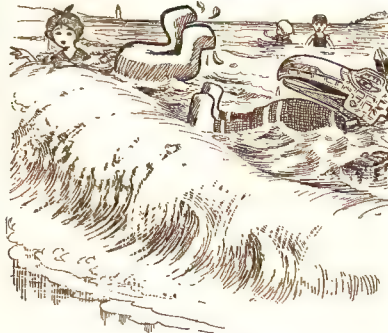
At last they reached a bathing beach,
Footsore and weak of limb.
"Hurrah!" the Gizzen cried with glee;
"We'll have a dandy swim!
You bet!
A swim will give us vim."



They "borrowed" two old bathing
suits.
The Gizzen's was too long;
The Gump he was so cramped and stiff
He could not get his on.
Too bad!
The clothes would not go on!

* Sumpf, a simpleton (provincial British), pro-
nounced "sump."

The Gizzen said, "Oh, never mind!
Come in the way you are!
'Twould not be style for Gizzens,
But for Gumps—why, who would
care?"
And so
The Gump went in—quite bare!



They frolicked in the water—
Made of wood, they couldn't drown.
The Gizzen floated on his back,
But the Gump was upside down!
That's what!
Heels up and head way down!



The Gizzen put on lots of airs
And bragged to beat the band,
Ignoring quite his friend, the Gump,
Who's anchored on the strand.
Just look!
He's pegged down in the sand!



An antiquary passed that way
And saw the uncouth lump.
(A sort of Chilcat "Billiken,"
Carved from a fir-tree stump.)
"What's this?"
He said. "It surely is a real Alas-
kan Gump!"



He took it to the Mu-se-um
Of Natural His-to-ree,
Where now it squats and stares all day
At those who come to see—
That's right!
In Section 1 (the left-hand side); it's
number—23!

The Spiders and the Elephant.

By CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
Said the Spider to the Fly.
"I have sugar plums and cookies
And the nicest kind of pie!"
"Now, I wonder," said the Flylet,
"If you're aiming at a scoop,
Just to fill me up with goodies
And then drop me in the soup!"
"Will you walk into my stable?"
Said the Democratic Mule.
"I will treat you to some thistles
From the Bryanitic school!"
"Now, I wonder," said the Voter,
"Am I really green as grass?
Could I eat such donkey fodder?
Does he think I am an ass?"
"Will you flop into my puddle?"
Said the Socialistic Duck.
"I will give you earth and heaven
And a round of endless luck!"
"Now, I wonder," said the Voter,
"If the goods are in the pot,
Or a scheme to put a mortgage
On my little house and lot!"
"Will you stay right in the party?"
Said the Elephant, and won!
"You have golden eggs and 'praties
And a raisin on your bun!"
"Now, I wonder," said the Voter,
"What's the use of breaking loose?
If I use my little hatchet,
I may kill the golden goose!"

Hoots from a Wise Owl.

TIME may fly very quickly, but the
leader of an orchestra can beat it.
Even a good-natured girl is bound to
raise a racket when she plays lawn
tennis.

The only thing that is harder to dodge
than the automobile is the bill-collector.
In the days to come grandfathers will
tell the children how "we used to cele-
brate the Fourth."

"There is nothing like having a place
for everything," remarked the baby, as
it put a tack in its mouth.

CHANGE.

QUIT COFFEE AND GOT WELL.

A woman's coffee experience is inter-
esting. "For two weeks at a time I
have taken no food but skim milk, for
solid food would ferment and cause such
distress that I could hardly breathe at
times, also excruciating pain and heart
palpitation, and all the time I was so
nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a cof-
fee and tea drinker, and for the past 20
years I have been trying different phy-
sicians, but could get only temporary
relief. Then I read an article telling
how some one had been cured by leaving
off coffee and drinking Postum, and it
seemed so pleasant just to read about
good health I decided to try Postum in
place of coffee.

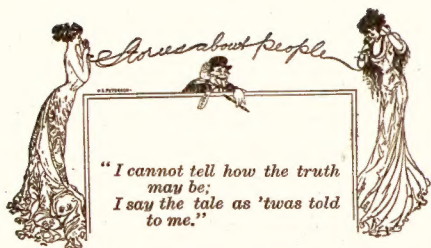
"I made the change from coffee to
Postum, and such a change there is in
me that I don't feel like the same per-
son. We all found Postum delicious
and like it better than coffee. My
health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift from
coffee to Postum I got better, and now
all of my troubles are gone. I am
fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure
in the chest and palpitation are all
gone, my bowels are regular, have no
more stomach trouble, and my head-
aches are gone. Remember, I did not
use medicines at all—just left off coffee
and drank Postum steadily."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found
in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A
new one appears from time to
time. They are genuine, true,
and full of human interest.

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.



"I cannot tell how the truth
may be;
I say the tale as 'twas told
to me."

How To Get an Autograph.

Ellis Parker Butler was a clerk in a Muscatine spice mill when Bill Nye came across his horizon. The night Mr. Nye showed at that town Butler occupied a seat in the first gallery—from the roof. The sad-eyed humorist pleased him so that he decided to write for an autograph. He wanted it for the front page of his stamp album. A carefully worded epistle brought no reply.

Whereupon the industrious youth wrote another and another. No answers. Undaunted, he got a line on the route of his celebrity and developed an inspiration somewhat as follows:

"Edgar Wilson Nye, Esq., Planters Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Dear Mr. Nye—I have been writing to you rather persistently. The reason is that I have discovered a new corn cure. I want to name it after you and use your picture on the box. I know that you are a busy man. If I do not hear from you soon I will consider that you have given your consent. Very respectfully yours, Ellis P. Butler."

By return mail came:

"E. P. Butler, Muscatine, Ia.

"Sir—Don't you dare to put my picture on any corn-salve box! I most certainly do not give my consent to have the stuff named after me. I am commonly considered a good-natured man, but have a care! You'll know the reason if you don't. Edgar Wilson Nye."

Mistaken Identity Again.

The recent death of Chief Justice Fuller has revived the following story:

Probably Mark Twain resembled the late chief justice in physical appearance more than any other man of prominence in recent years. Frequently the humorist was mistaken for the jurist. One day a young lady accosted Mark Twain on the street and, with an apology that she had never seen the chief justice before, asked for his autograph. The author wrote:

"It is delicious to be full,
But it is heavenly to be Fuller.

"I am cordially yours,
"Melville W. Fuller."

The late chief justice, as far as known, never expressed his opinion of what he thought of Twain for playing this little joke on him.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Credit.

Your credit never will get so poor that you cannot borrow trouble.—*Syracuse Journal*.



Equal to the Test

Hold a glass of Blue Ribbon Beer to the light. Note the beautiful amber color. Observe its clearness, undimmed even when just off the ice—a severe test of quality.

See the rich creamy foam—watch how it clings to the side of the glass—more evidence of quality. Now taste it—a flavor exquisite—found only in

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Its the perfection of brewing—a table beverage that eye and palate and perfect digestion agree on acclaiming the best.

Insist on Pabst Blue Ribbon and add one more good thing to the list which makes for your health and enjoyment.

*Made and Bottled only
by Pabst at Milwaukee*

You will find Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer everywhere—served on Dining Cars, Steamships, in all Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Order a Case Today From Your Dealer.

Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wis.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF DANCING, OR THE GENTLE ART OF APPROXIMATION.



The seventeenth century:
Dancing round the Maypole.



The eighteenth century:
The Minuet.



The nineteenth century:
The Polka.



The twentieth century:
The Waltz.—*London Graphic*.

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.



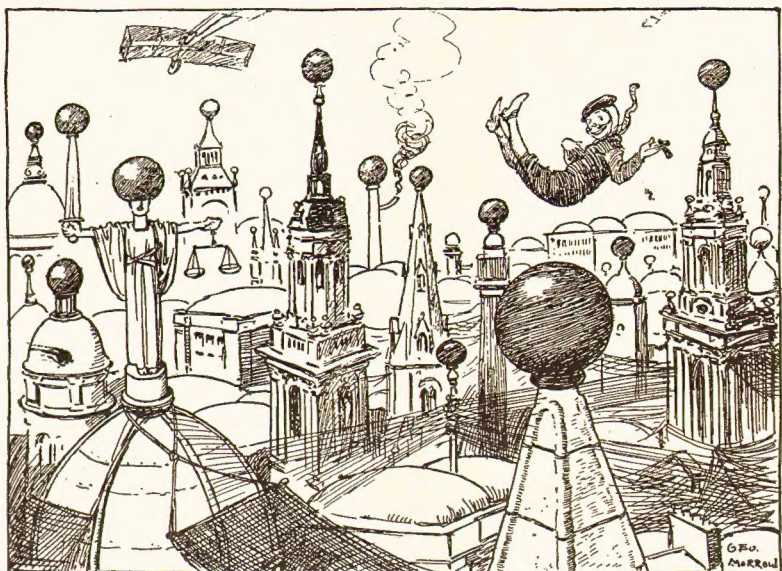
HIGH LIFE

MILWAUKEE'S
LEADING BOTTLED

BEER

BREWED BY MILLER





THE HUMANITARIAN DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE AEROPLANING FUTURE—A POSSIBLE USE FOR SUPERFLUOUS RUBBER.—London Punch.

Songs of the Rail.

Oh, young William Jones is come out of the west;
Of all the bright engines, his engine's the best!
And, save his grim stoker, he helper had none;
He drove all unhelp'd, and he drove all alone,
So dauntless he rush'd midst his engine's loud moans—
Did you e'er hear of driver like young William Jones?

He stopp'd not for water, he stopp'd not for coke,
And he skimm'd o'er the streams render'd black by his smoke;
But when at the station he slacken'd his rate,
The up train had started, the down train came late.
And a laggard in travel, a luggage-train guard,
Was to wed the fair Polly of Jones's regard.

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like a steam valve and bursts when it's tied.
And now I am come, with my, lost Polly B.,
To walk once the platform, drink one cup of tea.
There are maidens who'd gladly give body and bones
To jump at the tender of young William Jones."

The bride stirred the Congou, the spoon took it up,
He quaff'd off the tea, and he put down the cup;
She stoop'd on the pavement her sandal to tie,

And she show'd her neat foot, with a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother said nay.
"Now walk on the platform," said young William J.

So stately his form, and so beauteous her face,
That never a plank such a couple did grace;
While the stoker did fret and the engine did fume,
And the station clerk wink'd in his little back room;
And the navvies all whisper'd, "Ay, Bill, what d'ye say?
They'd make a neat couple, that gal and young J."

One touch of her hand and one word in her ear,
And they open'd a carriage that by them stood near;
So light o'er the cushions the fair lady sprung—
So light the policeman the bright brass bell rung—
"She is won! We are off! There's no train in the way,
And the next does not stop here!" said young William J.

There was laughing and roaring with every man;
They laugh'd and they roar'd till their eyes briny ran.
They must get a new maiden to hand out the tea,
For the fair Mrs. Jones there they never will see;
And each one that knows her will laughingly say,
"That's a deuced cute fellow, that young William J.!"

—Punch, 1848.

An Eye for Business.

Johnny asked his grandmother why she wore glasses, and she explained that it was to make things look bigger.

"Well, grandma," he said, "will you put them on next time you cut me a piece of pie?"

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.

The Old Maid.

I'm the last rose of summer,
And wither alone;
All my lovely companions
Are wedded and gone.
No soul of my kindred,
No maiden is nigh,
To reflect back my wrinkles
And heave sigh for sigh.

Yet peaceful I rest me
Upon my lone bed;
No tyrant molests me,
I mourn no babe dead.
Thus cheerful I scatter
Regrets to the air,
And rejoice in my freedom
From discord and care.

Alone must I perish,
Alone I decay;
No daughter to cherish,
No son for a stay.
I sink to the slumber
Of death's calm repose,
Till the Bridegroom, rejoicing,
Shall claim his last rose.

—Maid's, Wives', and Widows' Penny Magazine, 1832.

Every lover of a good cocktail should call for Abbott's Bitters. Makes the best.

Humor in the Bible.

One does not ordinarily turn to Holy Writ for examples of humor. In proof of the assertion that inferential humor is of Hebraic origin, the following has been quoted from the sixteenth chapter of 2 Chronicles: "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased. Yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

To all—except M. D.'s—there is certainly an element of humor in the last sentence quoted above.

Those Scotch Hotels.

Those Scotch hotels! those Scotch hotels! Each tourist of their robberies tells. My pocket to its bottom thrills, When I reflect upon its bills.

Some pleasant hours soon pass'd away;
But when I learned what was to pay,
I wish'd the devil had those swells—
The landlords of the Scotch hotels.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
The greedy race will still rob on.
And other tourists through these dells
Shall rail upon the Scotch hotels.

—Diogenes, 1853.

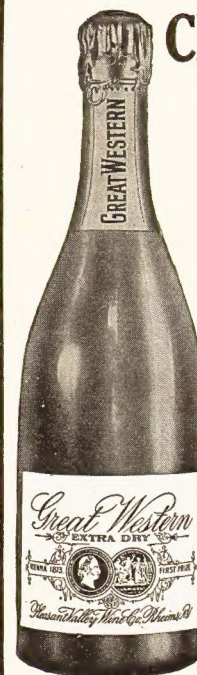


THE ANIMALS WENT DOWN TWO BY TWO: MR. ROOSEVELT AS THE MODERN NOAH.

—London Sketch.

Great Western Champagne

HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED



Of the Six American Champagnes Exhibited, Great Western was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer Can Supply You Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, \$5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 9 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed, sealed, free. B. F. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

I. W. HARPER Kentucky Whiskey

"THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED" STILL THE "BEST"

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO. Incorporated LOUISVILLE

Always The Same Good Old

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

For Home, Buffet and Club

Expert Selection of the World's Best Hops—Choicest Malt—Brewed and Matured

The BLATZ WAY

THE FINEST BEER EVER BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. This is an easy test: Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other and notice the difference. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

WIGS and TOUPEES
Best Non-detectable Toupee in the World. Sent on Approval. Special rates to barbers. Catalogue free.
LOMBARD BAMBINA CO.
113 Monroe St., Lynn, Mass.

SIS HOPKINS
HER OWN BOOK
10c All Newsdealers 10c



SUNNY BROOK
THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

U. S. Internal Revenue Officers direct the sealing with Government "Green Stamp" of every bottle of

Sunny Brook
THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

Age only has mellowed and flavored this rare old Kentucky Whiskey.

ASK FOR IT
Sunny Brook Distillery Co.
Jefferson Co.
Ky.

OUR GRANDFATHERS' SMILES.

(From Leslie's Budget of Fun, 1860.)

A Curious Account.

A French paper says there has been discovered, among some old parchments belonging to the seventeenth century, a curiously worded account against the abbot of a convent, by a painter who had done some work for a church. The following are some of the items in the bill:

	Fr.	Sous.
1. Amended and varnished the Ten Commandments	5	12
2. Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a new ribbon in his cap	3	6
3. For a new tail to St. Peter's cockrel and mending its comb	2	3
4. Replaced the penitent thief upon the cross and mended one of the fingers	1	7
5. Feathered and re-gilt the left wing of the angel Gabriel	12	18
6. Washed the handmaid of Caiaphas, the high priest, and reddened her cheeks	5	12
7. Renewed the sky, gilt the sun, and cleaned the moon	1	14
8. Brightened up the flames of purgatory and touched up a few souls	6	6
9. Brightened up the fires of hell, put a new tail on Lucifer, mended one of his claws, and done a few things for the damned	4	10
10. Put a new edging on Herod's robe, arranged his wig, and put in two new teeth	5	2
11. Cleaned and shod Balaam's ass	3	7
12. Put new teeth in Samson's jawbone	1	5
13. Tarred Noah's Ark	6	0
14. Mended the Prodigal Son's shirt and cleaned and watered his swine		

Caroni Bitters—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail biters. Oct. C. Blache & Co., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

A little nine-year-old, overhearing a discussion among a parcel of ladies about cooking a steak—some advocating broiling beef and frying mutton—inquired, "Aunt Kit, how do they cook sweepstakes?"

A brilliant young gentleman remarked the other day to a lady with whom he was bowling:

"I think, miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, sir, why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c a bottle.

"What shall we call the Prince of Wales,

When into our harbor the hero sails,

Is a bit of a question," Jenkins said.

"The Prince," "Baron Renfrew," "Lord of the isles"——

"There, stop!" cried Bob, all wreathed in smiles.

"I've just been reckoning up, 'tween whites,

What the Bowery boys will call him —'Ed!'"

Talleyrand, the prime minister of Napoleon, was disliked by Madam de Stael. It so happened that Talleyrand was lame and madam cross-eyed. Meeting one day, madam says,

"Monsieur, how is that poor leg?"

Talleyrand quickly replies,

"Crooked, as you see."

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

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American Water for American People

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Entered at New York as Second-class Mail Matter.

I. E., That Is.

The names of girls in these latter days have a decided tendency to terminate in "ie." Taking up a couple of catalogues of ladies' schools the other day—pleasant reading, by the way, those pages full of the names of school girls are!—we found the following angels in "ie":

Essie and Elsie and Carrie and Katie and Kittie and Fannie and Annie and Millie and Mollie and Minnie and Lizzie and Libbie and Lucie and Laurie and

Lillie and Jennie and Addie and Nellie and Hattie.

Whether the blossoming out of the dear old-fashioned names into foreign posies is the result of foreign tours, or whether Shakespeare is wrong about the sweetness of roses, or whatever it is, we can only exclaim, "Y, girls!"

If a man could fool his wife as easily as he can his conscience there would be no limit to his behavior.—N. Y. Press.



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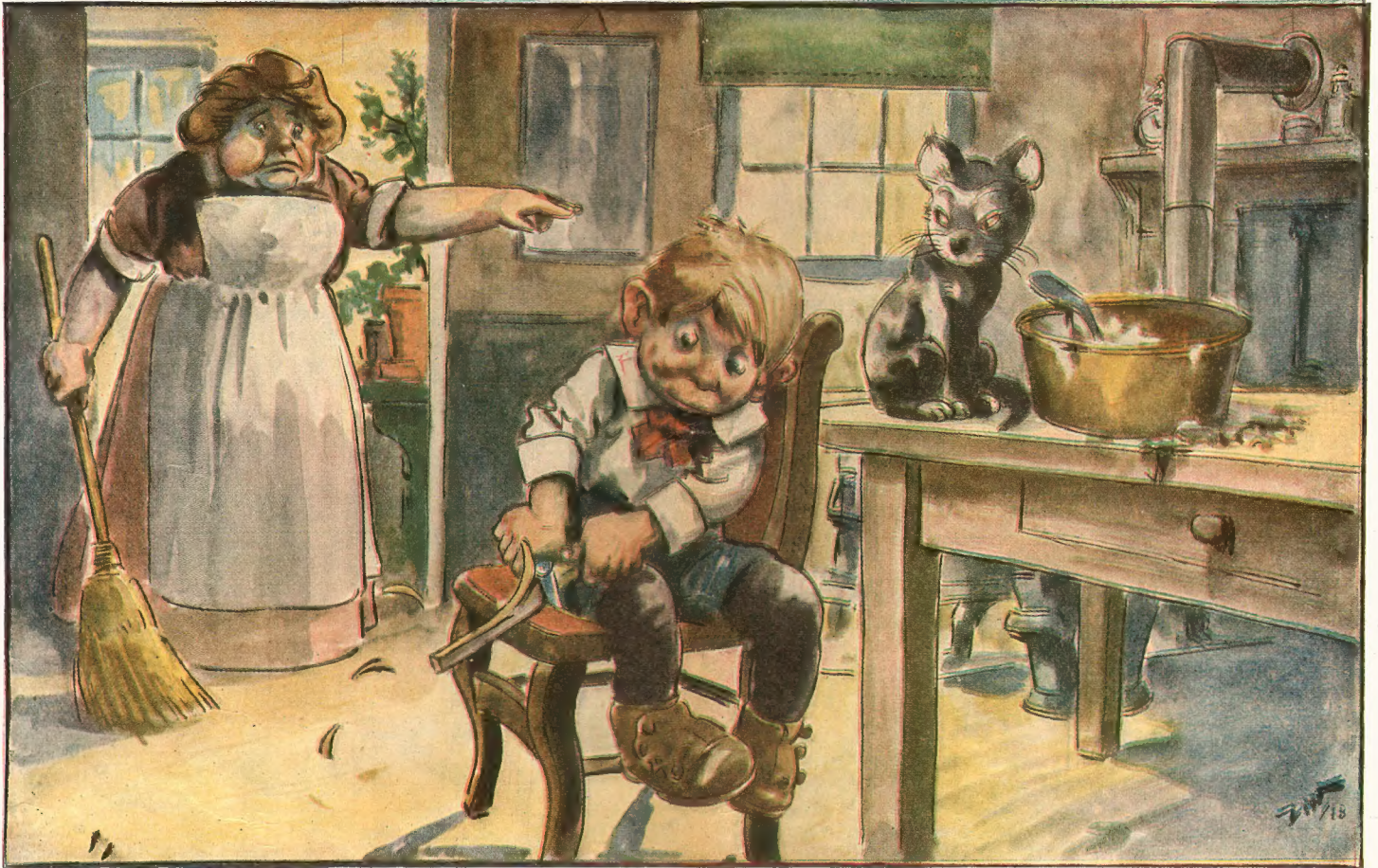
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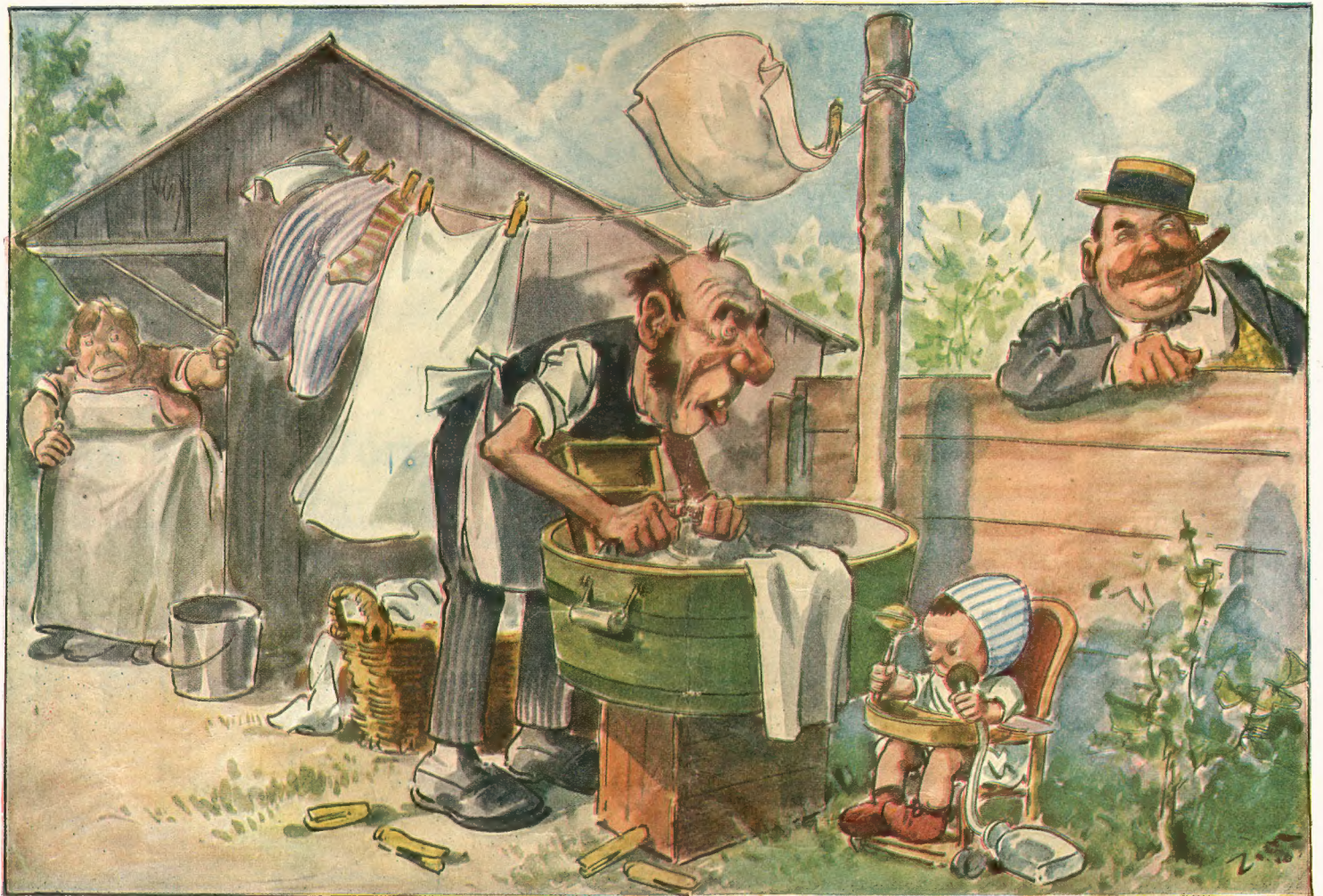
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A PUT-UP JOB.

The cook—"Johnny, why didn't you chase the cat away from that pudding?"
Johnny—" 'Cause if I did you 'd blame me for eating it."



A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Neighbor—"I 'd be hanged if I 'd wash for my wife."
Wiggins—"You might not for your wife, but you would for mine."